

Poem

Gary

Puzzle me this indiscretion (I cannot feign indifference)
this man in all his charms
these eyes wide in fury
this grey hair barbed and strangled
these weeds in concrete
this salt in the sea
these razors
these ghosts
this sensitivity
to the slights of
his lady, bleeding
his other woman
shuffling naked in her nightie
twitching under those covers
soup stains dried and crusted
bones breaking
the ulcer in his hand
the cancer excised, not yet coming
but waiting, in abeyance
his devil's horns
his anger for two lovers —
this is death
this is health
this is hope
this is healing
this is love, and un-love
this is clean
and unclean
these eyes diseased (this silent infirmity)
I am you — and you, at last, are me



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